

Galactic Facebook Congress, Year 2312

a comedy sketch idea by Jonathan D Steinhoff, © Dec. 7, 2012

Three teenage girls, MAVIS, TINA, and CINDY are exiting a movie theatre into the theatre lobby, having just seen Spielberg's "Lincoln," and are all a-giggle over various (essentially irrelevant) aspects of the movie (avoiding *spoilers*).

MAVIS

Wasn't it so CUU-UUUUTE - when Joseph Gordon-Levitt talked about the Army? Jessie was going on and on about it on Facebook, but I just couldn't BELIEVE it!

TINA

And remember that scene in the theatre? Could you even BELIEVE he would -

CINDY

You don't mean Joseph Gordon-Levitt?

TINA

No-ohhh! I was TALKING about, you know, in the theatre- remember?

Suddenly a little kid throwing a light, small ball in the theatre lobby with his friend accidentally throws the ball at TINA's head, and even though the ball is as light as a beach ball (apparent from its bounce, etc.), it immediately knocks TINA unconscious, causing her to dream.....

TINA in her dream envisions a scene straight out of Star Wars ("The Phantom Menace", I believe), wherein we see a gigantic galactic congress of some kind, comprised of a vast number of strangely, colorfully attired, alien representatives from different planets, solar systems, etc., meeting in a huge structure.

It becomes apparent from the debate among the galactic congress-beings (alien men, women, others, of all description) that the year is 2312, and they are all there to pass Official Facebook Legislation – rules on Facebook.

From their discussion it also becomes apparent that everyone in the galaxy is watching the proceedings remotely, poised to vote electronic mindbeams on such questions as:

"If someone Friends but then Unfriends you, 'cause you lied about her boyfriend, can you post on their friend's wall without permission, just once, unless you have three times before already done this (you would be exempt from the three times rule if it was your ex-boyfriend or ex-girlfriend and/or whatever, um, you know, like a creature like, well, this guy, he, I got SO MAD." As the discussion among the galactic representatives drones on, a conversation breaks out between three male being congressmen, SMOOKOO-EE SMITCHINATION, and PATRICK, which is whispered so as to keep it confidential and unnoticed.

SMOOKOO-EE

Hey! Smitchination!

SMITCHINATION

Yeah, whatta you want, Smookoo-ee?

SMOOKOO-EE

Hey, did you receive that mindbeam of the Sporfian meeking a bamp-pod?

SMITCHINATION

Totally! Totally, dude!

PATRICK

I TOLD you, Smitchination, I'M the dude! I'M the dude! Earth people are the only ones who are dudes, okay? Remember?

SMITCHINATION

Yeah, you told me that.

PATRICK

What do you mean, now other beings can be dudes too? I HATE that!

SMOOKOO-EE

Hey, Patrick, did you receive, you know, that mindbeam I was talking about?

PATRICK

You mean the mindbeam of the Sporfian meeking a bamp-pod?

SMITCHINATION

Oh yeah! THAT was a hot mindbeam!

PATRICK

Yeah, but I received a better mindbeam, of a cat playing a piano!

SMOOKOO-EE

I SAW that! It was great! He could even play Taylor Swift music!

SMITCHINATION

Ooh, I love talking about her! But we're not supposed to.

SMITCHINATION morphs into CINDY, who along with MAVIS is standing over TINA as she awakens from unconsciousness in the theatre lobby. Apparently while waiting for TINA to awaken, CINDY and MAVIS had fallen into a conversation about Taylor Swift.

CINDY

I know! But I HAVE to talk about Taylor! I love that one she did, with the, oh look, Tina's waking up!

MAVIS

Which one? The one about the boy who made her-

TINA

Hi, you guys!!! You KNOW you're not supposed to talk about Taylor Swift when I'm not there!

MAVIS

You were sort of there. I mean, now you're more there, I mean here, I mean.....

TINA stands up, and the three walk off as if nothing had happened, deep in conversation about Taylor Swift.

THE END